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THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART.

At the dawn, and during the morning twilight of modern literature, there was no employment more sure of carrying genius to wealth and distinction than authorship. Kings and princes were then the patrons of the muses, and in honouring men of letters, they felt that they rendered themselves illustrious. But those were not stipendiary days. We find the cowherd-poet Cædmon, indeed, received into the monastery of Whitby as a kind of honoured pensioner; but in general, men who distinguished themselves in literature were promoted to high offices in the church—as in the case of Grosteste, the beggar-boy, whom learning eventually placed in the see of Lincoln. As knowledge extended, the patrons became more numerous, and competition among men of letters greater; till the sacred name of poet was degraded into a mere trapping of nobility, and the Lord Chancellor of England (Longchamp, bishop of Ely) purchased praises of the tuneful brethren, and caused them to be sung in the streets.

Many noble works, however, were produced even in this long era of degradation, which may be said to have continued till the early part of the last century; when, in consequence of the gradual widening of the circle of readers, authors had become too numerous, and some too independent, to be bribed. It was only at this time literature became a profession; for although before then a few desperate individuals may have clung to it as their sole resource, in general it was either a medium by which men of genius who lived by other pursuits made themselves heard and felt in the world, or a means by which the more dependent hoped to recommend themselves to persons of power and influence. The transition period between patrons and the public was a terrible time for authors! Those were the days of bibliopolic tyranny, of rags, bailiffs, garrets, and bulkheads; but in spite of all, literature gave token that the change through which it was passing, though severe, was wholesome, and in due time an independent though still peculiar Profession arose out of the chaos.

That profession, however, is not so crowded as is commonly supposed; for there are many prudent persons who use authorship not as a crutch to lean upon, but as a staff to help. The professional authors are comparatively a small body, but they are an essential part of the constitution of the age. There are pursuits in literature which demand the whole time, and the whole soul; and there are even its more mechanical functions—such as editing—which are incompatible with the performance of other duties in the business

of life. In reading a voluminous catalogue of books of the day, we must not suppose that any great portion of these are the works of authors by profession. They are in by far the greater part the productions of persons who are either independent in fortune, or who gain their living by other pursuits; and to such categories belong almost all the anonymous works.

The professors of literature, notwithstanding, are numerous enough to form a distinct body; and their occupation is perhaps the most precarious in the whole range of industry. A barrister, a physician, a clergyman, may be able to calculate his chances of success, the influence of his friends, and his own private resources; but the author has no data whatever. The most brilliant success one year is no guarantee for the next; and not unfrequently the reward of his performances is in an inverse ratio to their real value. Yet professional authorship is as essential a component part of our existing civilisation as professional law, physic, or divinity. It has grown out of the intellectual necessities of the age; and the status of the author serves as a fair criterion for judging of the refinement of society.

It is a generally-received opinion, but we think an erroneous one, that authors are more imprudent than the other classes of the community. This was the case in the transition period we have mentioned, when authorship, however ennobled by one or two individuals, was but another name for vagabondage; but in the present day literary men pretty nearly resemble other people in the common affairs of life. Their misfortune is, considering their profession in an economic light, that the article in which they deal is in itself invisible and intangible, and can have therefore no intrinsic pecuniary value. It cannot be sold to a lower class of the people if disdained by a higher. It has no 'tremendous sacrifices' wherewith to tempt the parsimony of purchasers. It cannot, even in case of failure, be disposed of as materials. Everything with authors depends upon the passing taste of the day—everything but fame, which gives a stone to the memory of the genius which, when living, wanted bread.

There is one great institution in this country for the relief of authors in their casualties—the Literary Fund; but, as its name implies, its operation is not confined to professional authors, but embraces all contributors to literature. It assists the widows and orphans of literary men, and its donations to these men themselves, we are proud to mention, are not unfrequently considered as loans, and returned in better times. If the proceedings of this institution are conducted with the inviolable secrecy it professes, it must do infinite good; otherwise it could only serve to degrade an honourable pursuit. But whether it be owing to the dread of exposure, or to

the comparative prosperity of the class, the fact, we believe, is certain, that very few names even of moderate distinction in literature are to be found in its list of claimants. Besides the Literary Fund, we may add that the Queen has a fund at her disposal for pensioning contributors to literature. The amount, however, is very limited, and the scramble for what is as much an honour as a benevolence, is probably great enough to render Her Majesty weary of the trust.

There is now, however, on foot a proposal for instituting a fund for the benefit of professional authors alone, which merits the examination both of the literary world and of the enlightened public; containing, as we think it does, at least the germ of a great idea. The name fixed upon for the society is the Guild of Literature and Art—meaning, doubtless, a fraternity similar to that of the trades, in which all the members pulled amicably together. The word guild, however, we may say in passing, implies money, of which the brethren were the disbursers, not the recipients. The earliest certain notice of such a company in England refers to the payment into the Exchequer of sixteen pounds of silver by the Guild of Weavers, in the reign of Henry I. The name, notwithstanding, may pass very well, as expressing a fraternity or corporation of individuals, having the same interest, following the same pursuit, and animated by the same object. The main object of this new Guild is to 'enforce the duties of prudence and foresight especially incumbent on those whose income is wholly or mainly derived from the precarious profit of a profession'; and this it proposes to do by extending the benefits of the fund only to individuals who effect insurances in a certain life-office therewith connected. We humbly think there is here room for a slight change of plan. Many authors—perhaps nearly all authors of any eminence—are already insured to the extent of their ability. All such persons would be excluded by the rule we have mentioned from the new society, which would thus be open only to the selfish or improvident of the literary body. As for the exclusion of those who have been, and are, unable to effect any insurance at all, this, however lamentable, cannot be imputed as an error to a society which assumes to interest itself only in authors of a certain note, leaving the others, as at present, to the Literary Fund.

The pensions are to be given in the form of salaries, with or without free residences, 'completed with due regard to the ordinary habits and necessary comforts of gentlemen.' The endowed officers will consist—1st, Of a Warden, with a house and a salary of £200 a year; 2d, Of Members, with a house and £170, or, without a house, £200 a year; 3d, Of Associates, with a salary of £100 a year.

The design of the institution, we are told, is 'to select for the appointment of members (who will be elected for life) those writers and artists of established reputation, and generally of mature years (or, if young, in failing health), to whom the income attached to the appointment may be an object of honourable desire; while the office of associate is intended partly for those whose toils or merits are less known to the general public than their professional brethren, and partly for those, in earlier life, who give promise of future eminence, and to whom a temporary income of £100 a year may be of essential and permanent service.' The duties for which these emoluments are to be given consist chiefly in the delivery of lectures—three in the year by members, and one in the year by the warden; but even these may be delivered by proxy, since although 'it is deemed desirable to annex to the receipt of a salary the performance of a duty, it is not intended that such duty should make so great a demand upon the time and labour either of member or associate as to deprive the public of their services in those departments in which they have gained distinction, or to divert their own

efforts for independence from their accustomed professional pursuits.' This, we think, is another ill-considered part of the prospectus, and one which implies anything but a compliment to the literary body. If services are really to be rendered for the salaries, let there be a proper balance between them; but surely there should be no such thin make-believe as this. Authors are entitled to take higher ground. Their profession is necessary to the civilisation of the age—more necessary than that of naval or military officers; and if the country see fit to make up for its precariousness by contributing to the support of its veterans, they will accept the aid as proudly as ever warrior received a trophy. The time, however, we trust, will come when the profession, having passed its infancy, will be able to stand alone; and when authors, with clearer perceptions of their own position, and a better knowledge of the means of aiding themselves, will require no aid from others. As for the proposed lectures, they are objectionable on other grounds. The present lecturers are authors themselves, and why should these be displaced by pensioned authors? Why remove from the reach of ordinary literary men one of the few resources they possess?

The grand distinctive feature of the projected society is the limitation of its benefits to the professors of literature and art. 'Within the former term are understood to be comprehended all writers, of either sex, of original works or dramas, or of not less than twenty original papers in periodicals. Within the latter, all painters and sculptors who make the fine arts their profession, and all students of the Royal Academy of England, Scotland, or Ireland.' The literary criterion here is not distinctly enough expressed. It is obvious, from the context of the prospectus, that only those persons are meant who follow literature as their sole business in life; but there is hardly a young lady of our acquaintance who has not contributed a score of original articles to a periodical. The real object of the society should be more clearly defined. The most voluminous contributors to periodicals are not professional authors; and to admit such persons indiscriminately to the benefits of the society, would be to divert the fund to the aid of almost every profession that can be named.

The fund is to be commenced by the profits on the performance of a comedy, written by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and acted by Messrs Dickens, Jerrold, Forster, &c. on a stage furnished in his house by the Duke of Devonshire. The audience is to consist of the Queen and Prince Albert, and all persons who choose to pay £5 for a ticket. This announcement has provoked some ridicule; but we hope the scoffers will carry their smiles to the comedy. It may be very true, as it is said, that the performance of amateur actors cannot be expected to equal in merit that of a second-rate provincial troop; but the question is not as to the merit of the performance, but the amount of money it produces. It may be an odd taste which induces good authors to exhibit themselves to the public as indifferent actors; but if the public pay handsomely for the sight—which they unquestionably do—the authors are entitled to our thanks for laying out their eccentric earnings in so noble a manner. The fund must commence somewhere, and why not at a comedy in Devonshire House?

The scheme, however, though commencing with a comedy and a company of amateur actors, must be carried out by the nation; and knowing this, we think the projectors committed an error of judgment in sending forth their prospectus before endeavouring to associate with themselves the higher members of the profession throughout the country, and the more distinguished patrons of literature and art. We have ourselves mentioned more than one important objection to the plan as laid down; and there are many others, we doubt not, who would be glad to offer their opinions on so interesting a subject. As for the laudatory letters and professions of adhe-

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rence they may have received, these are all very agreeable of course; but a great national institution like the one proposed cannot be founded safely without the aid of a great diversity of minds, or without hard thinking and searching discussion.

Upon the whole, instead of expending the profits of the dramatic representations in the establishment of the institute in the form proposed, we would counsel the projectors—while warmly extending to them the hand of fellowship—to deposit the money in their banker's hands for the present, and take the opinion of the literary mind of the country upon the merits of their plan.

LAW AND JUSTICE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Nor long ago, during one of the weary days of Rhamadan, Mohammed Dibilay was sitting cross-legged upon his empty counter, smoking his pipe and chanting some verses of the Koran, when his prowling eye caught sight of a Jew who was sauntering about the bazaar. The Mussulman called him, and asked if he did not know any stranger, with plenty of money and little sense, from whom they might manage to extract a little, to recruit his exhausted finances. This question struck a chord of the Jew's heart, which vibrated with joy; for his business was also at low-water mark. A merchant had recently arrived in the city, little acquainted with the manners of Constantinople, and the confederates devised a plan to cheat him of some goods, agreeing to divide the spoil. The Jew forthwith repaired to the house of the Frank, and informed him that he had found a very desirable customer for his merchandise, and one whom he must by no means let slip; for, said he, 'he has been opening a new shop, which he is stocking with different kinds of goods, and I know that I could not recommend him to a better person than your honour.'

'That is well,' said the merchant; 'but mark me, Jew; I have heard that you brokers often play tricks upon strangers. Now, I hate cheating, and it never succeeds with me. All my business transactions are ordered in an honourable manner; and depend upon it, if you deceive me, you will suffer for it. With this understanding, you may bring hither the gentleman of whom you speak, for I can judge his honesty better by his physiognomy than by the appearance of his shop.' Jacob swore by his head that all was right, and that the merchant would be convinced of his sincerity when the business was finished.

He returned to Mohammed, who had by this time procured a thousand piastres (the piastre is worth about 7½d. sterling), according to their former arrangement; and having divided this sum between them, they proceeded to the Frank quarter of the city. The Jew introduced his friend to the merchant, as the grocer whom he had mentioned—a man of upright dealings, a perfect gentleman; averring, that as soon as he had heard the name of George—far famed as it was for integrity and wealth—he had brought a considerable sum of money to make an immediate purchase. Mr George closely inspected the features of the stranger, and expressed his satisfaction with his honest appearance; but added, that as it was the first time that he had the honour of his acquaintance, he should expect the broker to be responsible for anything which he might intrust to the grocer's credit. Jacob then requested Mohammed to choose out goods to the value of thirty or forty purses (each containing 500 piastres.) Dibilay said, that he only intended to buy to the amount of money which they had with them; at the same time lamenting that he had not brought a larger sum: 'for all my cash was in heavy coin, which it would have been too troublesome to carry; and if I had intrusted it to a messenger, there would have been great danger of losing it, as it could not have failed to attract attention: and

in this wicked town, as soon as a man is known to be rich, he cannot eat his bread in quiet. Nobody can imagine how vile a place this Constantinople is! We must confess it with shame, though it be our own city.' The merchant now joined with the broker in persuading Dibilay to take some goods upon credit; and with seeming reluctance he made a bargain to the amount of thirty-five purses, two of which were paid on the spot. The merchandise was removed, and part of it soon turned into money, to meet any exigency that might occur; for in Constantinople 'money answereth to all things.' Mohammed then calmly awaited the issues of fate, and took no more notice of his former correspondents.

But Jacob Aaron was anxious to terminate the affair, that he might get rid of his own responsibility, and obtain his share of the spoil. So, after a short time, he went to the house of the European, assuming every appearance of deep distress. Having uttered many sighs and groans, he found words to exclaim that he was a ruined man, and that all his property would be lost. The merchant expressed lively sympathy with his sad condition, and kindly inquired into the reason of his sorrow. Was his house burned down? Were his children lost? 'Ah sir,' responded the mourner, 'would that my house had been burned to the ground, and that I had perished with my children, before so sad a day had dawned! Wretch that I am, would that my legs had been broken before I went to such a place! But let my miserable fate be a warning to my brethren, to renounce for ever the trade of a broker! Besides, this business ill befits my station in life, considering the extensive warehouses of my father, the great glass-merchant. The truth is, that the man whom I brought to you the other day is reported to be a thief and a knave. He had every semblance of being an honest fellow, and I never found him otherwise; but he has been corrupted by this vile Constantinople. Oh what a depraved city we live in! An honest tradesman has no chance in such a place! But, sir, if the report be true, I think you might recover your goods out of his possession.'

Mr George was so affected with the Jew's apparent distress, and so roused with indignation at Mohammed's supposed treachery, that he easily fell into the trap which was laid for him; and bidding Jacob calm himself, offered instantly to send a janissary for the traitor. But the Jew threw himself at his feet, and begged, as one only favour, that he would not mention his name as the informant, lest the Mohammedan should either assassinate him, or get him put to death under false pretences. The merchant promised to keep his secret, and said that he would take the matter into his own hands.

Jacob retired with inward satisfaction, finding himself thus freed from farther responsibility; for he did not altogether trust Mohammed, nor any one else that bore the name or the badge of the false prophet. He wished to expedite the crisis. So he hastened to the house of Dibilay, and told him that the merchant had heard some flying rumours about his character; and that, although he had given every assurance of his integrity, yet he must prepare himself for an official visit, and subsequent lawsuit. He then begged that his own name might not be mentioned at court, lest it should damage him in the estimation of the Europeans, on whom he chiefly depended for a livelihood.

Next day Mr George came to the bazaar, accompanied by a janissary, and mildly asked the grocer for payment of his account, as he had need of the money. Dibilay assumed an air of severity, and bid him begone. 'Find your clothes where you took them off,' and demand money of him to whom you consigned your goods.' Indignant at this base repulse, the Frank at once went to the mehkemy, and requested the sergeant of aghas to send a bailiff for Mohammed. Hussein Agha was

deputed on this business; and going to the grocer's, asked him to be at the trouble of attending at the mehkemy, where a process was being instituted against him. Dibilay stormed at the parties who thus dared to affront him; and having whispered something in the officer's ear, promised to follow him to the court. Hussein informed the sergeant of his coming, adding in a low voice, that Mohammed wished him to know that he was falsely accused, and if he would be kind enough to inform the *cadi* of this fact, he would be liberal in defraying the expenses of justice. At this instant Mohammed made his appearance, and saluted the sergeant.

'Your servant, sir: how is your precious health? I sincerely trust that you are well, and your affairs prosperous.'

'Good-morrow,' replied the agha; 'I wish you well. Is it against you, friend, that this proceeding is commenced? Come with me to the *effendi*, and I shall lay the whole matter before him; and Heaven defend the right!'

The agha then led the way to the house of the *cadi*; and upon the defendant being called for, he introduced him in flattering terms. 'Here he is, my lord; it is our countryman, Mohammed Dibilay the grocer.' The judge replied, that it did not signify who he was, and commanded the parties to stand before him side by side. The plaintiff was then ordered to state his claims, which he did in a plain, unvarnished manner. The *cadi* next called Mohammed for his defence. He replied: 'My lord, you are the minister of justice, and falsehood would avail little in your presence. One might as well attempt to cover the sun with mud as to deceive you. The merchant says that I received goods from him to the value of thirty-five purses. This is true, my lord; but he did not allow me to set one foot before another until he had obtained the whole amount. Yes, if my right be not acknowledged in this court, I will carry my cause before the sultan's council; and if there also justice be not rendered me, I appeal from the presence of man to the tribunal of the Great Supreme.'

'I understand,' said the judge; 'but can you now prove by witnesses that you paid the money?'

'I have witnesses, my lord; but how can I produce them at a moment's notice? Order the merchant to swear that he has not received the full amount. But if he be willing to take such an oath, I shall not easily be prevailed upon to lose so large a sum of money, but shall extricate myself from this difficulty in another way.'

The *cadi* informed Mr George that the law obliged him to make oath if the defendant wished it, and asked him if he were willing to do so. As some Christians decline taking a Mohammedan oath, Mohammed hoped that his accuser might be of this number, and that the matter might be thus summarily terminated. But in this he was disappointed. The merchant, indeed, at first hesitated; but finding that if he did not comply he must lose the whole money, without any hope of appeal, he signified his willingness to comply. Mohammed then shifted about, and requested the judge to dispense with the oath, assuring him that he had such clear evidence of having paid the money, that he preferred being at the trouble of producing it in court. The obsequious *cadi* assented, and ordered all parties to appear again in three days. Security was taken that the defendant did not abscond.

Dibilay was scarcely seated in his shop, and had just begun to regale himself with his pipe, when the Jew suddenly appeared, and with a smiling simper, whispered—'How well you have managed matters! Take care and don't play me a trick, for half the money is clearly mine. I had my creatures posted at all the avenues of the court, to instruct me in what was passing. Now, we must look out for witnesses.'

Adjoining the mehkemy of Mahmoud Pasha there

is a certain coffeeroom, frequented by persons of loose character, who live by their wits instead of honest labour. Here witnesses can always be procured—men who are ready to swear to anything. As Turkish law requires the testimony of two disinterested parties, two of these men concoct a story between themselves, and are ready, for a trifling bribe, to swear to all its particulars. Having very fertile imaginations, and being accustomed to the business, they easily invent a number of particulars which have the semblance of truth itself. It is true that in such a cross-questioning as takes place in British courts of law, their evidence would soon break down, and a clever lawyer would easily get them convicted of perjury. However, these knaves in Constantinople know with whom they have to deal. Their opponent is a simple man, else they browbeat him, and throw him off his guard; and they are previously assured that the judge is on their side. It is only by a manoeuvre in changing the court, and giving a *retaining fee* to another judge, that there is any hope of success.

Not far from the coffeeshop to which we have alluded, there used to be a fruiterer's shop, with a convenient back-parlour for parties wishing to take refreshment at their leisure. This man was in league with the visitors at the coffeeroom, and he for a long time kept up a thriving trade. But upon an unfortunate occasion, when they were playing tricks upon a hapless Greek, the latter bribed the grand vizier with the present of a handsome girl to do him justice; upon which a regular smash of the confederates took place; the perjurers were sent to the galleys, the master of the coffeeshop was bastinadoed, and the fruiterer deemed it prudent to change his place of residence, having spread the report that he had died of plague. When the storm passed over, another occupant was found in the shop, pursuing a twofold business as before—selling conscience and merchandise at the same time.

Into this back-parlour the confederate Mohammedan and Jew now entered; and upon their ordering certain provisions for a dinner at sunset, which was not far off, the fruiterer understood their meaning, and hastened to the coffeeroom.

'Come to my house,' whispered he to the landlord, 'about a little affair, out of which, I guess, we shall reap some profit.'

The landlord immediately exclaimed: 'My dear sir, the negro of whom you speak—I used to see him every day in this square with his plate. He has not been here for some days, but if I can hear any news about him, I shall bring you word.'

This remark attracted the notice of some bystanders, who immediately made inquiries about what the negro had done.

'He has played a trick upon the unfortunate fruiterer, having stolen honey, butter, and sweetmeats out of his shop, and the fruiterer is now after him.'

One of the persons present observed that he had just seen a negro in the Place of Sultan Bajazet's mosque; and the landlord intimated that he must give his friend this piece of important information. As he was going out of the house two gentlemen followed, saying: 'Landlord, whatever may be the business afloat, you know well! Our brethren are all engaged abroad, but we have had nothing to do for a week.'

When he reached the fruiterer's, he was soon made acquainted with the business on hand, and immediately sent for the two gentlemen just alluded to, under pretence of their giving information about the negro. On their arrival, Mohammed ordered pipes and coffee, and then unfolded his case.

'Gentlemen, listen to me, for I shall hide nothing from you. I bought of a Frank merchant goods to the amount of thirty-five purses. But how could I divine? I thought him to be an honourable man like myself; but now he demands of me thirty-three purses.

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Be pleased to devise some method of extricating me from this dilemma.'

After some moments of thought, accompanied by large fumes of smoke, one of them gravely replied: 'That which is passed, is passed; and that which is done, is done. Let us look at the future. When you paid the money had you any witnesses of the transaction?'

'None,' said Jacob. 'No man was present but Dibilay and myself. He paid the merchant in current gold. I witnessed the fact: but my interest is opposed to my giving evidence in this case, for I am under the protection of the Franks, and it would be difficult for me to open my mouth. Try, therefore, to find out a plan for arranging the matter without mentioning my name. This will be a meritorious act on your part.'

One of the gentlemen then addressed his companion, 'What say you, brother? If any one, ignorant of the whole truth, were to see us meddling in this concern, he would say: "Look at those gentlemen in violet trousers, with large coats and painted eyebrows! They are going to give false testimony." And yet, thank Heaven, we are far from meriting such evil surmises: we only wish to deliver the innocent out of the pit of the wicked into which they have fallen! What is your advice?'

The other replied: 'Brother, thy reflection is just. May Heaven protect the good in his proper rights! Jew, you are a true man: so is Dibilay. Nevertheless, the path which we must pursue is a crooked one. So you must give five hundred piastres to myself, and the same to my comrade; one hundred piastres to the landlord, and as much to the fruiterer. Moreover, the kiahkya of the Caziashur of Roumelie is our friend, and we should make him a present, that the caziashur in person may judge the process. This is the best mode of procedure. Give me now ten piastres, that I may get a chousash to write a request to the caziashur, that he will himself take cognizance of this affair in presence of the grand vizier.'

Mohammed tried in vain to reduce the demand of the gentleman. He pleaded poverty; asked for their sympathy; and promised them the favour of Heaven, if they would engage for a smaller amount. They told him, that however inconvenient it might be for him to give them this little remuneration, it would be much more so to pay the Frank thirty-three purses: and that he had evidently mistaken their character and profession. 'Let one of your eyes weep, that the other may laugh: we must have four purses to cover all expenses.' Dibilay was obliged to submit. The landlord then sent for the chousash, Osman Agha, to procure a form of appeal to the Supreme Court. The gentlemen also paid a visit to the kiahkya of the caziashur, when the following conversation ensued:—

Salaam, Ali Effendi! I have come about an affair out of which we may gain both merit and money.

Kiahkya. Salaam Aleikum, who have grown old in bearing false witness. You rogue! I believe you when you say there is one God: but after that, I do not give credit to one word which falls from your mouth.

Gentleman. My lord, when have I told you a lie?

K. If you were in the habit of speaking truth, you would not pursue the trade of a false witness. But let us cease this badinage. Will the case bring us a little money?

Gent. I have seen a grocer who bought some spices from a Frank; but the merchant, after receiving payment, demands it a second time. Dibilay has no witnesses. What could he do, poor fellow? He has had recourse to us—and you may divine the rest.

K. What offer does he make? If he will give half a purse for me, and a purse to the effendi, besides the expenses of court, you may carry your suit before the effendi, in whose eyes I will make your testimony agree as clearly as if it were truth.

Gent. My lord, if we give a purse and a half, cannot the thing be arranged? For according to your demands, we shall have little for ourselves. But I am your slave. K. Oh hypocrite! I will abate nothing. Go, bring your cause before this tribunal, and all will go well.

Next morning, a dragoman was despatched to bring Mr George to court; for the confederates had agreed to take him by surprise, lest he should find means to frustrate their schemes by bribing some witnesses on his part to tell the truth. The caziashur sat by the side of the grand vizier; the other parties stood before him. The vizier knew little about law or justice, as he had recently been elevated to his high station, according to the Turkish notions, that 'a man who is good at one business will be good at another,' and that 'Allah, who gives the rank, will give ability to occupy it aright.' Upon hearing the nature of the cause now before him, he wished at once to put all the parties under arrest till a competent person should inquire into their characters and circumstances; but asked the caziashur what he would advise to be done. He replied: 'My lord, your opinion is well founded, and is such as becomes your august dignity. Yet, according to the usual forms of judicature, we should first take the depositions of the witnesses, and afterwards endeavour to verify their testimony. Their evidence may be true, so that you must beware of unpleasant consequences. But if you approve my advice, and will charge me with the management of the business, I will appoint some mediator to bring the parties to an amicable settlement.'

The vizier readily assented to this proposition, which would save him from farther trouble, and would be attended with no odium from his European acquaintances. The chousash and dragoman were instructed to procure a settlement of the case. The contending parties easily perceived that they must submit to this authority; for whoever should refuse to comply would inevitably lose his suit. The dragoman argued the matter with the Frank, and the chousash with the Mohammedan, and after much altercation, each succeeded in persuading his client to abate fifteen purses. There still remained a difference of three purses and the law expenses, for which the chousash said 'Heaven would provide, and they might regard the matter as settled.'

'Singular idea!' rejoined the dragoman; 'when the ragout is cooked and ready for eating, would you put it again into cold water? Doubtless he who pays so large a sum is ready with a trifling balance, and must bear the expenses.'

After some further bantering, Mohammed at last yielded to his advisers, saying in a dejected tone: 'All of this money will be a dead loss to me; and you know that one cannot take two skins off one sheep. But my credit and character are at stake. What can I do? Well, I suppose a stroke of fate has fallen upon my fortune rather than upon my head, and I must resign myself to the fatality. This day you have trampled me under foot, and I am become stupified. Do as you please; but may Heaven preserve the faithful from the hands of the law!'

The parties were ordered to appear in court on the following day, mutually to discharge each other from any further claims. Dibilay came late; then putting a bag of gold into the hands of the dragoman, he said, with a solemn but decisive tone: 'Here is all the money that I can muster. Here are the fifteen purses which I offered to give. Of the three purses which made the difference between us, I have brought eight hundred piastres, and two hundred for the expenses of court. I can do no more.'

Mr George was easily prevailed upon to accept the amount now tendered; and the parties, having declared themselves satisfied, retired.

Dibilay repaired to the fruiterer's, and settled his account for the bribes of justice; and returned home,

satisfied with the gain of his fraud, which amounted to twelve purses. But the Jew expected to divide the spoil; and immediately appeared with a smiling countenance, congratulating his friend on the issue of the lawsuit, and intimating his readiness to receive a little cash on account of his share. The wily Mohammedan, however, appeared not to recognise him; and said in a loud, gruff voice, 'What do you want, Jew? Have you lost your wits? For some minutes you have been babbling nonsense before my shop, as if you were a madman. If you are a fool, I have a stick ready for you; if you are a mendicant, may Heaven help you! if you are a brazen-face, I have yet more brass than yourself. But I see what is the matter: you have not to-day been able to allure any one into sin! Infidel, may Heaven destroy thy house and religion! Begone, or I will break your head!'

The heart of Jacob Aaron sunk within him. He loitered for a moment; but perceiving Mohammed's neighbours gathering around, each venting curses against the seed and creed of Israel, he retired with all convenient speed, muttering imprecations upon the house of Islam; but at last cursing his own folly for giving credit to the word of a Mussulman, and concluding with this instructive apostrophe, 'By my beard, the proverb truly says, the best cunning is to have none!' As he passed through the gate which bounds the Turkish quarter of the city, he unobservedly shook off the dust from his sandals, and was not again connected with a Mohammedan trick. Mr George, who, like most Englishmen, was formerly a grumbler at the costliness and uncertainty of English law, has since become silent on that subject.

MILD WINTERS.

To say that everybody talks about the weather, is to state a fact with which everybody is already acquainted: fair or foul, it seems of necessity to be the initial topic of ordinary conversation. No one objects to say a good word in favour of a fine day, because, as Shenstone observes, 'people can commend it without envy.' Most persons must have remarked that weather-talk is in general mere guess-talk. Yet meteorological science is somewhat advanced towards the point of certainty; the doctrine of cause and effect is more clearly appreciable than formerly; and the unseen influences which modify climate are found referable to constant or periodical laws, whose action is not less interesting than beneficial.

It is pretty well known that geographers divide the space from the equator to the pole into twenty-four climates, the differences varying from half an hour in the torrid and temperate zones up to a month in the polar regions. Assuming lines of demarcation for all these divisions, they are seen to fluctuate and present many anomalous departures from uniformity. Situation has much to do with this derangement: continents, as is well known, are hotter and colder than islands. At the equator, where a perpetual summer temperature prevails, there are but two seasons—wet and dry; while in England we have four distinct and marked seasons, but liable to all sorts of irregularities and disturbances, in which, however, the polar character prevails over the tropical—a consequence of our geographical position on the globe. Dove of Berlin, who has so ably elucidated many of the phenomena of climate in his maps of isothermal lines, observes: 'In all the stations or places of observation of the torrid and temperate zones, the elasticity of the vapour of water contained in the atmosphere increases with the elevation of temperature. This increase, from the cold to the warm months, is greatest in the region of the monsoons, particularly towards the northern limits; and in North America a little more sensible than in Europe: that the pressure of dry air diminishes at all the stations with a slight

exception on the north-west of America (and perhaps in Iceland), from the cold to the hot months: the minimum for the temperate zone falls in the hottest months, and consequently in July in the boreal hemisphere, and in January or February in the austral hemisphere: the maximum of this oscillation is at the northern limit of the northern monsoon, and much more marked in the southern than in the northern hemisphere: that from the simultaneous action of these two changes immediately results the periodical changes of atmospheric pressure, which, by the relative diversity between the one and the other, present themselves differently in different countries.' In these statements we have, as it were, a key to some of the laws affecting the moisture or the dryness of climate.

Moscow, with an arctic winter, and so near as it is to the pole, has a summer heat equal to that of Spain, while in England the climate partakes of neither extreme. The milder temperatures of islands is caused by the fact, that the surface-water of the surrounding ocean sinks as soon as its temperature falls below forty degrees, and is replaced by warmer water from beneath. In the coldest month of the year London is colder than Edinburgh or the Orkneys, but the mean heat of the London summer is greater than at the other two places—an amount of fluctuation which is essentially beneficial; for an occasional rise to eighty or ninety degrees is far more favourable to vegetation than a constant mild temperature, which, though it would make fruit, never produces ripeness.

If, however, the presence of a circumjacent sea preserves us here in England from great extremes of heat and cold, it exposes us in another way to what appears an undue amount of moisture, varying in different localities. The average number of rainy days in the year on the eastern side of the island is 135, while on the western side it is 205. The annual rain-fall at Keswick, omitting decimals, is 62 inches; at Lincoln, 24 inches; at Liverpool, 34 inches; at Aberdeen and London, 20 inches; at Manchester, 36 inches; at Edinburgh, 22 inches. Winter has most rainy days, but summer the most rain. The yearly average is, however, exposed to disturbing causes, by which it may be greatly modified—the prevalence of particular winds, or the character of the country. Considerable effect is produced by the presence or absence of trees. Large plains are remarkable for their dryness and frequent barrenness. Humboldt says: 'By felling the trees that cover the tops and sides of the mountains, men in every climate prepare at once two calamities for future generations—the want of fuel, and a scarcity of water. Trees, by the nature of their perspiration, and the radiation from their leaves in a sky without clouds, surround themselves with an atmosphere constantly cold and misty. They affect the copiousness of springs—not, as was long believed, by a peculiar attraction for the vapours diffused through the air, but because, by sheltering the soil from the direct action of the sun, they diminish the evaporation of the water produced by rain. When the forests are destroyed, as they are everywhere in America by the European planters, with an imprudent precipitation, the springs are entirely dried up, or become less abundant.' Whether the cutting down of the trees—as has often been proposed—which now grow so pleasantly and numerously on the hedgerows over most parts of England, would produce any alteration for the better or worse in our climate, is a matter to be settled only by analogy or experience. As far as observation extends, the cutting down of trees tends to produce aridity; at the same time it has been remarked, that the winters in Canada and the adjacent states are less severe in proportion as the land is cleared. In Pinang, the inhabitants 'have memorialised government against the destruction of their forests, sure that the result by its continuance will be the ruin of the climate.' In the deep valley of Aragon,

in South America, is a lake which has no outlet, and lying closely surrounded by woods. 'Between 1555, when it was described by Oviedo, and 1800, when it was visited by Humboldt, the lake had sunk five or six feet, and had receded several miles from its former shores—the portion of the basin thus left dry appearing the most fertile land in the neighbourhood.' Here was the effect of the cutting down of trees; but 'when the war of liberation broke out, agriculture was neglected, and the wood from the hills was no longer required by human industry—a great jungle began to prevail over all. The result was, that within twenty years not only had the lake ceased to subside, but began once more to rise and threaten the country with general inundation.' At Marmoto also, a town situated deep in the vast forests of Popayan, an analogous effect occurred. Water-power is used to work the machinery of the neighbouring mines, and the supply of water 'was observed to decrease steadily as the wood was cut down. Within the space of two years from the commencement of the clearing, the decrease of the flow of the water had occasioned alarm. The clearing was now suspended, and the diminution ceased. A rain-gauge was established, when it appeared that the fall of rain had not diminished concomitantly with the flow of the streams. The clearings were too local to affect the general condition of the climate; the rain which fell, however, instead of percolating, as was its wont, through the soil, when shaded by trees, producing springs, rivulets, and brooks, now dried up, and was carried off in vapour as it fell.' Similar instances have been noticed in other parts of South America, and in India and Switzerland. In the island of Ascension, a spring at the foot of a wooded mountain dried up as the trees were cut, but flowed again as the wood was permitted to renew itself. And in St Helena, steady falls of rain have been produced by the growing up of woods which have from time to time been planted under direction of the authorities, and for nine years the periodical floods which formerly caused great mischief have altogether ceased.

Besides these more direct results, the temperature of a country is, as observed with regard to Canada, affected by the greater or lesser wooded area of its surface. A change is produced in the soil as well as in the atmosphere; for it is a fact well known to agriculturists, that land cleared and drained is warmed by the rains which percolate from the surface to the drains beneath. It must be remembered that we have a combined or double atmosphere—water and air; the former always resolving itself into vapour of extreme levity under favourable temperatures. The more air is condensed the higher becomes its temperature; a given quantity of air at 55 degrees, if compressed into half its bulk, would have doubled its heat to 110 degrees—a fact which has a material bearing on the subject of the present article. It has been shewn that a rise takes place in the isothermal lines of the northern hemisphere in winter—a result which Dove refers to the action of the sun causing evaporation of the waters of the southern tropic, which then pass over to the north. But to this it was replied, at the last meeting of the British Association, that 'the West Indies constitute the principal point of departure of this vapour, and in the month of January it is carried by south-west and west winds to those localities where the isothermal lines advance farthest towards the pole. It is, accordingly, to the condensation of this vapour, and not to the neighbourhood of the Atlantic Ocean in the latitude, that we are to attribute the high temperature of this part of the world in the winter. The Atlantic Ocean is as near to Labrador as to Norway; but there is little condensation on the coast of the former, while there is much about the latter. Indeed, as far as we know, condensation of vapour is the only influence that operates exclusively on the eastern coasts of the

two oceans, the Pacific and Atlantic; and therefore to it we may attribute the warming of the localities, particularly in the Arctic Ocean, as indicated by the isothermal lines. Condensation, we know, furnishes a constant and abundant supply of heat, not like diffusion by contact, but by the energetic chemical action which converts an æriform substance into a liquid, and consequently changes the heat from a latent to an active state.'

On the other hand, the extraordinary mildness of the winter which has just passed is attributed by several of our most distinguished meteorologists to the Gulph stream, which has within the last few months traversed the Atlantic in more than its usual volume. The temperature of the ocean near our coasts is said to have been from two to three degrees higher than usual; and it has been shewn that, if by any contrivance of dams, embankments, or sluices, we could control the passage of the stream, we might always insure a mild winter; or that, if our transatlantic neighbours, the Americans, could interpose barriers to prevent the flow in its present direction, they would at once give us a Siberian climate, with all our rivers and ports frozen up during nine months of the year. Happily the phenomenon is one of Nature's mightiest operations, over which man has no power; and while it continues we may hope from time to time to see such winters as the last, with no snow, and but little frost, and with so genial a temperature that the landscape lost not its greenness, the hedgerows seemed impatient to renew their buds, and in Middlesex and the adjoining counties primroses were gathered in abundance on sheltered banks as early as January.

PROFESSOR GREGORY ON CLAIRVOYANCE.*

A VERY considerable portion of the thinking world will be startled in the midst of their settled incredulity and indifference towards what are called the higher phenomena of animal magnetism, when they find a professor of physical science in the Edinburgh University not merely expressing his belief in them, but treating them in a laborious work which aims at assigning them their proper rank and place amongst the recognised phenomena of nature. It will be at once apparent, that for a scientific man of good reputation to avow his reliance upon a set of alleged facts which are generally ridiculed, is 'awkward' for him—few things being more damaging than an appearance of credulity. With generous minds, again, the very moral courage of the act ought to save him from being a loser by his avowal. This will more particularly be the case, if they give his book a perusal, for there they will find a calmness, a purity, and a geniality of feeling, as captivating to the affections of the reader, as the temperance of statement must be respectable in the eyes of his judgment.

Nor, it must be owned, is the learned professor's logic to be despised. To allege of these phenomena that they are 'obviously incredible and impossible, and therefore to be rejected without inquiry,' involves, he says, a complete *petitio principii*, or begging of the question. A pretension to know what is, or what is not impossible, is in the present state of science ludicrous. There are, indeed, some things which we *know* to be impossible—as that two and two could make more than four, or that the three angles of any triangle could make more than two right angles. But the facts in question are not of this character. They are at the utmost difficult to

* Letters to a Candid Inquirer on Animal Magnetism. By William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. London: Taylor, Walton, and Maberly. Pp. 528.

explain—which is the case of many facts which are admitted. A philosopher, for example, is entitled to assume, but he cannot *explain*, the law of gravitation. The laws of heat, light, electricity, magnetism, are in the same state. In answer to the allegation of deceit, it may be said, this being brought forward without inquiry, is merely one hypothesis against another. Some of the facts are irreconcilable with it; for example, the acceleration of the pulse, the fixed state of the pupil of the eye, and the enteleptic rigidity of the muscles. As to the many failures in public exhibitions—'were any man,' says the professor, 'to fail in the simple experiment of dipping his finger, without injury, into red-hot melted lead, and to burn himself severely, we should not be justified in denying the fact that it may be done with impunity. A thousand failures could only prove that we did not perform, or know how to perform, the experiment properly; that we did not know, or did not attend to the conditions necessary to success; and one successful trial would outweigh them all. Precisely so is it,' adds our author, 'with animal magnetism.'

What Dr Gregory demands, is only that the alleged facts should be inquired into. 'When the witnesses are numerous, their character unimpeached, and the fact not physically or mathematically impossible, caution is not entitled to go further than to say, "I am not satisfied; I must inquire into these things." If he [the sceptic] will not or cannot investigate them, let him in decency be silent.' It may be added, that Dr Gregory disapproves of public exhibitions, and all regarding the subject as a matter of amusement. He sees it to be a new and most important section of nature, and he desires it to be approached in a philosophic spirit, and brought to use only for the relief of suffering and the general benefit of mankind.

A large portion of the volume is occupied with a detail of the lower phenomena, respecting which the public is already pretty well informed. The author afterwards goes on to treat of sympathy and clairvoyance. The former involves community of sensation and emotion between the patient and his magnetiser. It also, in many cases, involves *thought-reading*; a perfect consciousness on the part of the patient of the ideas passing through the mind of the operator, even those referring to past times. Of patients with this degree of lucidity, some have announced things once known to the experimenter, but forgotten. Dr Gregory, however, surmises that this phenomenon may not be dependent on sympathy, but on that simple extension of knowledge which arises from clairvoyance. Another result of sympathy is the ability to tell of the bodily state of the operator—describing, for example, a diseased condition of the brain or heart, and announcing the sensations of those organs. Professor Gregory assures us of his having himself fully ascertained that this may be done in the absence of the individual, through the medium of a lock of hair, or any object that has been in contact with the person; even a recent specimen of handwriting. 'Sympathy,' remarks our author, 'is widely diffused as a natural spontaneous occurrence.'

How often does an inexplicable something warn certain persons that an absent and dearly-beloved friend or relation is in danger, or dying! This is an effect of sympathy. Every one has heard, in his own circle, of numerous instances of it. I am informed, for example, by a lady nearly related to me, that her mother always had such a warning at the time when any near and dear friend died. This occurred so often as to leave no doubt whatever of the fact. It happened that this lady more than once made the voyage to and from India, and that during the voyage she on several occasions said to her daughter and to others, "I feel certain that such a person is dead." On reaching port, these perceptions were always found to be true.

Clairvoyance occurs both in the sleep and in a

conscious but still magnetic state, and it appears in various degrees of lucidity and power in different persons. The number of specialties connected with it is too great to be detailed here. The general fact, however, is a power of seeing objects at a distance, persons unknown to the patient in a waking state, and even individuals long dead. We select a case of the simplest kind, referring to individuals, some of whom are known to ourselves. 'At the house of Dr Schmitz, rector of the High School here, I saw a little boy of about nine years of age put into the magnetic sleep by a young man of seventeen. As the boy was said to be clairvoyant, I requested him, through his magnetiser, whom alone he heard, to visit mentally my house, which was nearly a mile off, and perfectly unknown to him. He said he would, and soon, when asked, began to describe the back drawing-room, in which he saw a sideboard with glasses, and on the sideboard a singular apparatus, which he described. In fact, this room, although I had not told him so, is used as a dining-room, and has a sideboard, on which stood at that moment glasses; and an apparatus for preparing soda-water, which I had brought from Germany, and which was then quite new in Edinburgh. I then requested him, after he had mentioned some other details, to look at the front room, in which he described two small portraits, most of the furniture, mirrors, ornamental glasses, and the position of the pianoforte, which is very unusual. Being asked whom he saw in the room, he replied, only a lady, whose dress he described, and a boy. This I ascertained to be correct at that time. As it was just possible that this might have been done by thought-reading, although I could detect no trace of any sympathy with me, I then requested Dr Schmitz to go into another room, and there to do whatever he pleased, while we should try whether the boy could see what he did. Dr Schmitz took with him his son; and when the sleeper was asked to look into the other room, he began to laugh, and said that Theodore (Dr Schmitz's son) was a funny boy, and was gesticulating in a particular way with his arms, while Dr Schmitz stood looking on. He then said that Theodore had left the room, and after a while that he had returned; then that Theodore was jumping about; and being asked about Dr Schmitz, declined more than once to say, not liking to tell, as he said, but at last told us that he also was jumping about. Lastly, he said Dr Schmitz was beating his son, not with a stick, although he saw a stick in the room, but with a roll of paper. All this did not occupy more than seven or eight minutes; and when Dr Schmitz returned, I at once gave him the above account of his proceedings, which he, much astonished, declared to be correct in every particular. Here thought-reading was absolutely impossible; for neither I, nor any one present, had the least idea of what Dr Schmitz was to do; nor indeed had Dr Schmitz himself, till I suggested it, known that such an experiment was to be tried. I am, therefore, perfectly satisfied that the boy actually saw what was done; for to suppose that he had guessed it, appears to me a great deal more wonderful.'

Major Buckley is an amateur magnetist of great activity, with some peculiarities of practice, which need not be dwelt upon. He has brought 142 persons, almost all of the upper classes, into a state of lucidity. A favourite experiment with him is to cause gentlemen to purchase a quantity of those nuts which are to be had in confectioners' shops, having mottoes enclosed, and to bring these to his patient, who will read the motto within. He has had forty-four persons capable of performing this feat. 'The longest motto read by any of them was one containing ninety-eight words. Many subjects will read motto after motto without one mistake. In this way the mottoes contained in 4860 nutshells have been read.' Sir T. Willshire took home with him a nest of boxes belonging to Major Buckley,

and placed in the inner box a slip of paper, on which he had written a word. Some days later he brought back the boxes, sealed up in paper, and asked one of Major Buckley's clairvoyantes to read the word. Major Buckley made passes over the boxes, when she said she saw the word "Concert." Sir T. Willshire declared that she was right as to the first and last letters, but that the word was different. She persisted, when he told her that the word was "Correct." But on opening the boxes, the word proved to be "Concert." This case is very remarkable; for, had the clairvoyante read the word by thought-reading, she would have read it according to the belief of Sir T. Willshire, who had either intended to write "correct," or in the interval, forgot that he had written "concert," but certainly believed the former to be the word.

Dr Gregory publishes a letter from a clergyman, regarding a poor man named James Smith, residing at Whalsay in Shetland, who has lately been attracting local attention as a clairvoyant. The reverend writer went, full of incredulity, to test the reality of the matter, and, most unexpectedly to himself, was forced to own that there could be no deception in it. 'One evening, after he had been thrown into the mesmeric sleep, my friend and fellow-traveller asked him to accompany him to a certain place which he was thinking of, but the name or locality of which he did not mention, nor in the least hint at. The clairvoyant described the house, first the outside, with "big trees" round it, then several rooms in the interior; and being directed to enter a particular apartment which was indicated to him by its position, he described the appearance and occupation of a gentleman and two ladies who were in it; declared that he saw a picture over the mantelpiece; and being farther questioned, deposed that it was the picture of a man, and that there was a name below it; and being urged to read the name, after experiencing some difficulty with the penmanship, he affirmed that the last word of the name was "Wood," which he slowly but correctly spelt. The house was near Edinburgh; and when we came to compare notes, on our return from Shetland, we found that the description of the individuals in the room at the time had been quite correct; and we saw over the mantelpiece a print of the *Rev. J. J. Wood of Dumfries*, with his name written below.'

The narrator continues—'He went in search of Sir John Franklin, and found the ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, spelling the name of each on the stern of the vessel. I am sorry now that I did not make such full and explicit inquiries upon this subject as its importance and the interest attaching to it deserve; or as it would have been proper to institute, in order to compare the statements of this clairvoyant with those of others. During the time when I had him in hand, my experiments were almost entirely of a kind which were fitted to be conclusive upon the spot. However, I heard him declare that the *Erebus* was fast locked up; that those on board were alive, but in low spirits; and that, in answer to his inquiries, they said that they had little hope of making their escape. He affirmed that there was water for a certain distance round the *Terror*, but that she was not clear of the ice. Of course I gave no opinion as to the correctness of these revelations. The date when they were made was about the 22d of August 1850. When sent to these northern regions, and as long as he was kept there, he appeared to be shivering with cold, and declared the cold to be intense.'

A clairvoyante girl, of humble grade, under the care of Dr Haddock of Leeds (her name is given as E—), who has been remarkably successful in many cases where a test was applicable, had a specimen of the handwriting of Sir John Franklin submitted to her in the course of the winter before last. She found the unfortunate navigator in one of two vessels, fixed in ice, and surrounded with walls of snow. 'She described,' says

Professor Gregory, 'the dress, mode of life, food, &c. of the crews. She saw and described Sir John, and said that he still hoped to get out, but was much surprised that no vessels had come to assist him. She frequently spoke of his occupations, and when asked the time of day, found it either by looking at a timepiece in the cabin, or by consulting Sir John's watch. During the winter and spring of 1849–50, and part of the summer of 1850, she uniformly indicated the same difference of time, which I cannot at present give precisely, but which was nearly seven hours. At whatever hour she was magnetised and sent there, she always made the same difference. Nay more, when the time there was nine or ten A.M. (four or five P.M. at Bolton), she would say that such was the hour, but that it was still dark, and lights were burning in the early part of summer. Now, it is quite absurd to suppose that this totally uneducated girl has any notion of the relation of longitude to time, or of the difference between an arctic day and one in our latitude. E— also, being shewn the handwriting of several of the officers of the expedition, found and described them. One was dead (shelled, as she said, when she was asked.) Another, at a later period, was dangerously frostbitten, but recovered. She said, that in one of the ships the provisions were exhausted, but that the other contained provisions. She described the fish, seals, and other animals hunted and killed for food and oil by the crews. Of, or rather to, one officer she said that he was the doctor, although not dressed like a doctor, but like the rest, in skins; that he was a first-rate shot, and was fond of killing animals to preserve them. (This is really the case with Mr Goodsir, whose writing she was then examining.) She added a multitude of curious details, for which I have no space, and they will no doubt be published by Dr Haddock. But I may mention, that on a Sunday afternoon in February 1850, she said it was about ten A.M. there, and described the captain (Sir John) as reading prayers to the crew, who knelt in a circle, with their faces upwards, looking to him, and appearing very sorrowful. She even named the chapter of St Mark's gospel which he read on that occasion. She also spoke, on one occasion, of Sir John as dejected, which he was not before, and said that the men tried to cheer him up. She further spoke of their burning coarse oil and fish refuse for warmth, and drinking a finer oil for the same purpose. All this time she continued to give the same difference of time, from which the longitude might be calculated. This time, seven hours, or nearly, from Bolton, gives a west longitude of about 100° to 115°, which corresponds very well with the probable position of Sir John. But at a later period, all of a sudden she gave a difference of time of somewhere between six and seven hours, indicating that the ships had moved eastward. She was not, after this, quite so uniform in the difference of time as before, and seemed not to see it so clearly; but she persisted that they had moved homeward; and if we take about 6½ hours as the latter difference, this would indicate a longitude of about 97° 30' W. After this change she also said that Sir John had been met and relieved, and has always since then seen three ships, which, for a long time past, are said by her to be frozen up together. The last observation of which I have heard, 17th February 1851, gave a longitude of 101° 45' W. At the same time, from Captain Austin's writing, which has also been frequently tried, she gave for him the longitude of 95° 45' W. She does not know whose ship it is, that, according to her, has met with Franklin, but she still speaks of three ships together. I should add, that when E— has been sent there at such an hour and season that it was night in those latitudes, she has quite spontaneously described the aurora borealis, which she once saw, as an arch, rising as if from the ground at one end, and descending to it again at the other. From this arch coloured

streamers rose upwards, and some of these curved backwards. She was much surprised and delighted with it, and asked if that was the country the rainbow came from. She had never been told anything whatever about the aurora, and knows nothing of it.

The reader will appreciate the degree of confidence which a believer in clairvoyance will repose in this interesting vaticination, when he learns what is said to have been accomplished in other cases by E—. Having been shewn the handwriting of a Mr W. Willey, and his friend Mr Morgan, who were travelling in California, she gave an account, which was found to be quite correct, of their persons and occupations, and of various occurrences connected with them. She described Mr Morgan as ill of a fever, and as having had a dream regarding his wife coming to see him. She also said that he had fallen overboard. All of these particulars, and many others, though quite unknown at the time in England, proved true. Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Baronet, having received a letter from a lady in London, in which the loss of a gold watch, supposed to have been stolen, was mentioned, sent the letter to Dr Haddock, to see whether E— could trace the watch. She very soon saw the lady, and described her accurately. She also described minutely the house and furniture, and said she saw the marks of the watch (the phrase she employs for the traces left by persons or things, probably luminous to her) on a certain table. It had, she said, a gold dial-plate, gold figures, and a gold chain with square links; in the letter it was simply called a gold watch, without any description. She said it had been taken by a young woman, whom she described, not a habitual thief, who felt alarmed at what she had done, but still thought her mistress would not suspect her. She added, that she would be able to point out the writing of the thief. On this occasion, as is almost always the case with E—, she spoke to the person seen, as if conversing with her, and was very angry with her. Sir W. Trevelyan sent this information, and requested the writing of all the servants in the house to be sent. In answer, the lady stated, that E—'s description exactly applied to one of her two maids, but that her suspicions rested on the other. She also sent several pieces of writing, including that of both maids. E— instantly selected that of the girl she had described, became very angry, and said: "You are thinking of pretending to find the watch, and restoring it, but you took it—you know you did." Before Sir W. Trevelyan's letter, containing this information, had reached the lady, he received another letter, in which he was informed that the girl indicated as the thief by E— had brought back the watch, saying she had found it. In this case Sir W. Trevelyan was at a great distance from Bolton, and, even had he been present, he knew nothing of the house, the watch, or the persons concerned, except the lady, so that, even had he been in Bolton, and beside the clairvoyante, thought-reading was out of the question. I have seen, in the possession of Sir Walter, all the letters which passed, and I consider the case as demonstrating the existence of sympathetic clairvoyance at a great distance.

It chanced that, while this article was in preparation, we received a communication containing an account of a domestic experiment in clairvoyance, performed under the care of a gentleman previously incredulous, but who is now converted to a different way of thinking. It is not of uncommon interest in itself: perhaps it rather falls below the average in this respect; but it has an important feature in being reported by a gentleman perfectly known to us, and who is also pretty generally known throughout a large district in the south of Scotland as a man of probity, and by no means of a facile character. We therefore append it:—

*CLERCHFOOT, April 21, 1851.

'A young lady, Miss M—, being here on a visit, was put into the mesmeric trance by a young gentleman,

Mr W—, son of my worthy friend, a clergyman of the established church. Mr W— then asked the young lady to accompany him to the manse. To this she at first objected, on the ground of not being acquainted. This scruple being got over, they entered a carriage, and drove off. Mr W— then said, "You are in the manse dining-room; look round, and tell us what you see?" She replied, "I see the minister sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, and doing nothing." She was then asked if she saw any other person in the room—she said, "I see Mrs A— sitting sewing at the end window." Asked colour of the seam—she said, "White." Saw no other person in the room. Looked round again, and said, "Mrs A— had left the room." Then asked if she saw any paintings in the room—she said, "Three." Mr W— said, "Look round again;" when she said, "I see other two—five in all." She said she saw the portraits of a lady and gentleman above the fireplace. Asked to read the name—she said, "The duke." Asked what duke—she said, "Buccleuch."

'She was then asked to read the name at the bottom of another portrait—she said, "There was a mist before her eyes: she could not read; but it began with G. Asked the number of windows—she said, "Two." Asked the colour of the window-curtains—she said, "Red;" the colour of the table-cover in the middle of the room—she said, "Red." Asked if there was a bookcase in the room—she said, "Yes; near the end window."

'I wrote down the above answers as they were given, in presence of other two ladies and a gentleman. I rode to the manse next day in company with Mr W— (a distance of four miles), and after a rigorous inquiry, we found the above answers of the clairvoyante accurate to the very letter.

'Now here is a case of clairvoyance liable to no possible objection. Collusion, from the character of the parties, is out of the question; and from the circumstances, impossible. The lady had never been in the manse but once when a girl; and when out of the mesmeric state, she had no idea of anything which the house contained. It is worthy of notice that the red tablecover had not been used except for some time that forenoon, and was not on the table next day when we arrived. Miss M— knows that two young ladies lived in the manse, but them she could not be made to see; and they were from home, unknown to the clairvoyante.

WALTER TOD.

Dr Gregory thinks that the oracles, and many other of the so-called impostures of antiquity—second-sight among ourselves, and the magic mirror of Dr Dee—may yet be explained 'as connected with animal magnetism in some of its innumerable developments.' Assuming that there is such a thing as spontaneous clairvoyance amongst us—that is, clairvoyance without the use of external means to bring it on, and perhaps the result of a diseased condition of the nervous system—it is very certain that such a person in early superstitious ages would be looked upon as endowed with supernatural knowledge. To eke it out, or mix it up with imposture, and convert it to the support of a religious system, would also be very natural. If the facts of clairvoyance be ever generally admitted as scientific truths, it will be a curious consideration that such things may be more readily embraced in a superstitious than in a scientific age—science thus appearing as more calculated to limit than to enlarge the bounds of knowledge. The reason is, that science, from its own peculiar methods, tends to create an exclusive favour for things perceptible to the senses, and to set at naught, if not utterly condemn, the whole range of things spiritual. Here we find ourselves on the borders of one of the great questions of our time—one which threatens to lead to serious collisions ere many years go about. But we must refrain from speculation.

Suffice it that we bring before our readers even these imperfect illustrations of a curious topic of the day, leaving the candid to inquire, and the egotistic to rest satisfied that they, without any inquiry, know a great deal better how things really stand in respect of animal magnetism than those who, having seen, now believe.

THE BEREAVED TROMBONE.

I HAVE been for the last dozen years in the habit of walking daily to office in one direction, through a line of route reaching from a northerly suburb to the heart of the city, and back again in the evening, or late at night, as it might happen, by the self-same track. During that period, without asking a single question, or receiving a title of verbal information, I have learned the personal and domestic histories of many individuals and families, as well as the rise and management, and the consequent results and issues of a host of speculations, commercial and other, which have had their progress and consummation within the sphere of my continued remark. I may chronicle some of these histories when the humour seizes me—not now. One dilapidated figure, familiar to my morning vision, which he greeted two or three times a week for the last ten years, has disappeared for ever, and I dedicate this brief page to his remembrance. For the last twelve weary months he has figured periodically in the vicinity of—Square, as a butt—a walking target for the stray shafts of the vagabond wit of a gaping and jibing crowd; and, indeed, a stranger to his history might well have been excused for joining in the laugh of the multitude. There is, however, too often food for melancholy in the forms which excite our mirth. Smiles and sadness not unfrequently live together; and some of the vicissitudes incidental to humanity at times present themselves to view under such strange and anomalous aspects, that whether we ought to laugh or to weep, to banter or to sympathise, it is next to impossible to tell.

The defunct subject of this short memorial wandered for the last year of his life as a solo player on the trombone. Such a performance was unique in the history of street minstrelsy, and though anything but vivacious in itself, was the cause of infinite vivacity in others. The very first intonations from his dreary tube were a signal for a general gathering of the idling youngsters of the neighbourhood, amongst whom, in ragged but majestic attitude, stood the forlorn performer, filling the air with the sepulchral tones of his instrument. His dismal, dolorous, and almost denunciatory strain, drew forth ironical cheers and bravos from his grinning audience; and their persecuting demands for 'Paddy Carey,' or 'Rory O'More,' were answered by a deep-toned wail from the sonorous brass, giving mournful utterance to emotions far different from theirs. To me, and perhaps to others to whom the poor fellow's history was known, there was little cause for mirth in the spectacle he presented. Let the reader judge.

It is now full ten years ago, that as I drew near—Square, one fine spring morning, on my way to business, I heard, for the first time, the exhilarating strains of a brass band; the instruments were delicately voiced, and harmonised to a degree of perfection not too common among out-of-door practitioners. My ear, not unused to the pleasing intricacies of harmony, apprised me that a quintet was fluting forward, composed of two cornets-à-piston, a piccola flute, a French horn, and a trombone. The strain was new, at least to me, and of a somewhat wild and eccentric character. Upon coming up with the band, I beheld five tall, erect, and soldier-looking figures, 'bearded like the pard,' and with some remaining indications of military costume yet visible in their garb. I set them down for Poles, and learned afterwards that my conjecture was the true

one. They were all men of middle age; and from the admirable unity and precision of their performance, it was plain that they had even then been long associated together. For two years I enjoyed at regular intervals, in my morning walks, the delightful solace of their harmonious utterances—and have been conscious more than once of marching *à pas de soldat*, under the influence of the spirit-stirring sounds, to the drudgery of labour, as though there were a heroism (who says there is not?) in facing it manfully. At the commencement of the third year, I missed one of the cornets-à-piston; and knew within a month after, by the appearance of a ligature of black crape, displayed not upon the heads, but upon the left arms of the survivors, that he had blown his last blast, and finally dissolved partnership with his brethren.

Still, quartetts are delightful; and though that peculiar and piquant undercurrent of accompaniment which makes a well-played quintet such a *bonne-bouche* to the amateur was ever afterwards wanting, yet was their performance perfect of its kind, and left no cause for cavil, however much there might have been for regret. But the grim tyrant seldom contents himself with a single victim; and in something more than a year after there was another void in the harmony—the French horn had gently breathed his own requiem, and reduced the band to a trio. This was a far worse loss than the first, and one that completely altered the character of their minstrelsy. They had fallen from their high estate, and were compelled to take new ground and less pretentious standing. They abandoned almost entirely—one may conceive with what regret—their own cherished national harmonies, and took up with the popular music of the metropolis—the current and ephemeral airs of the day. To these, however, they added a new charm by the exquisite precision of their execution, and an agreeable spice of foreign accentuation, which they naturally imparted to our matter-of-fact musical phrasology. They became popular favourites, and for several years went their accustomed rounds, everywhere rewarded with the commendations and coins of the crowd. Their imperturbable gravity and dignity of demeanour was a pleasant set-off to their rollicking version of some of the pet melodies of the mob, and contributed not a little to procure them a degree of favour and prosperity perhaps greater than they had ever previously enjoyed. They never forsook their old haunts, and I heard them regularly on the usual days, not certainly with the same delight as at first, yet often with a feeling of gratified surprise that so much grace could be imparted to airs which the 'Aminadabs that grind the music-boxes' in the streets of London had so mercilessly and so successfully conspired, first to murder, and then to mutilate.

Time wore on: year after year the gray and grizzled triumvirate trod their daily rounds in all weathers, arousing the liberality of their patrons with the merry music of the hour. Three, four, five years passed away—five harmonious years; and then death snatched the second cornet in the midst of his strain, and dashed him to the earth with a semibreve on his lips—lips condemned to be mute for evermore. The poor fellow was seized with the cholera while in the very heart of a melody, and had departed to the silent land almost before its echoes had died away. Whatever was the grief of the remaining pair, like true veterans as they were, they gave no evidence of it to the world. As they would have done on the battle-field, they did now—closed up their little rank, and confronted the enemy with the force that was yet remaining. But it was a sad spectacle, and, what was worse for them, it was but sorry music they made. With piccola and trombone, the two extremes of harmony, what indeed could be done? Orpheus and Apollo themselves would have made a failure of it. It was the harmonic tree with only root and foliage—the trunk and branches all

swept away; or a dinner of soup and pudding, the intermediate dishes being wanting; or the play of 'Hamlet,' with none but the prating Polonius and the Ghost for *dramatis personee*. In short, it wouldn't do; and the poor fellows soon found it out. They fell into neglect and poverty, and save among those who dwelt in the line of their regular beat, who now gave from sympathy what they had once bestowed from gratification, they met with but spare encouragement. It could not last long. Whether the *piccola* had too much to do, and sunk overborne by the responsibility of the various parts he represented, or whether he blew himself out in a fit of sheer mortification, I cannot pretend to say. True it is, however, that he also, in a few short months, disappeared from the scene, and the bereaved trombone was left to wander alone among the haunts of his old companions.

For twelve months, as I have already said, had he thus wandered, growling from his dismal instrument a monotonous requiem to the manes of his departed brethren. I have reason for believing, that at the decease of his last friend he forsook the light and frivolous music, which circumstances had compelled them to administer to the mob, and returned to the wilder and grander themes of his country and his youth; but as it requires an experienced ear to tell the business a man is after who plays a solo on the trombone, I cannot pretend to certainty on that point. He never condescended to take the least notice of the crowd of scape-grace idlers who stood around, mimicking his motions, and raising discordant groans in rivalry of his tones. He played on with an air of abstracted dignity; and one might have thought that, instead of the jibes and jeers of the blackguard mob, he heard nothing but the rich instrumental accompaniments of his buried companions, and that memory reproduced in full force to his inner sense the complete and magnificent harmonies in all their thrilling and soul-stirring eloquence, as they rung through the same echoes in the years past and gone. He persevered to the last in treading the same round that was trod by his brethren: it was all that was left to him of them and of their past lives. He had indeed experienced the hardest fate of the whole five. He was the flitting ghost of the buried band—a melancholy memorial of extinct harmonies. There was a painful discrepancy between his history and his action: the sudden and fierce elongation of his brazen tube, as he shot it violently forth to double the octave at the penultimate note of his wailing stave, but ill accorded with the mournful recollections of which he was the solitary monument. There was a visible discord between his griefs and his gestures, his woes and his utterances of them, which transformed the very fount of melancholy into an argument for mirth. From a position so painfully equivocal, I, for one, can rejoice that he has at length been beckoned away. There is none to mourn his departure, and, beyond this brief testimony, no record that he ever was. *Requiescat!*

THE DRYING PROCESS.

A RAPID drying is of very great importance in several of the arts and manufactures. Till a recent period, the usual methods were alone resorted to, even where the largest results were concerned, and great impediments were thus experienced; but now there is a patent process, by which the end is gained with equal rapidity and certainty, and on a scale of any required magnitude. The main feature of the plan is simply to produce a current of pure heated air through a chamber in which articles required to be dried are exposed. The temperature of the air can be raised or lowered, so as to suit the requirements of a great variety of substances. In

the case of various kinds of cloth goods, the effect on quality and colour is said to be favourable.

This process has been extensively applied in large wash-houses, including those connected with such public establishments as unions and hospitals. By the command of so much more than the usual amount of heat, and by the extreme desiccation attending this elevated temperature, large quantities of clothes are dried in a wonderfully short space of time; and not merely this, but they are thoroughly freed from 'the peculiar smell which generally belongs to the clothes used by the very poor.' In hospitals, the process is also used expressly for the destruction of all morbid and infectious matters which may linger about the clothes of the patients. At a temperature of from 200 to 250 degrees Fahrenheit, it is most efficacious in this respect, without in the slightest degree injuring the clothes or other articles subjected to it. Feathers are in like manner prepared for use very much more rapidly, as well as effectually, than is customary. It has also a beneficial application to coffee-roasting, and to the preparation of farinaceous food and potatoes for long voyages by sea.

The drying of wood for building, cabinetmaking, and the manufacture of pianos, has hitherto been a tedious process as left to time. It can now be done expeditiously by the Desiccating Process, and with much more certainty. This is a matter in which the public is much interested, for a rot in the timber of public or private buildings, or a warping in articles made of wood, is a serious evil. The wood used in the New Coal Exchange in London was desiccated, or deprived of the vegetable juices, by this process, and to all appearance with entire success. The beautiful floor of this Exchange is composed of four thousand pieces of wood, including ebony, black oak, common or red English oak, wainscot, white holly, mahogany, American elm, red and white walnut (French and English), and mulberry—presenting, in large figures, the mariner's compass, the city arms, and other objects. The whole of these pieces were, a few months before, either in the living tree, or in logs which otherwise would have been far from fit for use. The black oak introduced as a portion of the floor was a part of an old tree which was discovered and removed from the bed of the Tyne River but a very short time before being used. This tree is supposed to have grown on the spot where it was found, and owing to its large dimensions, must have been at least 400 or 500 years old at the time it fell; but how many centuries it has been covered with water it is impossible to say. A considerable portion of this tree was, at the request of Mr Davison (to whom the execution of the floor was intrusted), forwarded to London by the mayor and corporation of Newcastle. Of course it was completely saturated with moisture on its arrival. Nevertheless, the drying, as we have seen, was quickly effected. In fact, no one piece out of the 4000, composing the floor, occupied more than ten or twelve days in seasoning.

For shipbuilding purposes this process has been adopted very successfully. Planking, applied to docks, or otherwise, and all interior fittings, can be surely depended on as capable of withstanding all variations of temperature or weather, and there is not, therefore, the necessity of keeping large stocks of wood to season; the saving must eventually be to the advantage of the public.

A good while ago, very interesting experiments were instituted to test the qualities of various woods seasoned by this process, as compared with similar woods, but seasoned in the best way otherwise. They were conducted under the superintendence of the Board of Ordnance. From the results obtained from about 120

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specimens, compared with the best-seasoned samples which our government stores could supply, the Desiccating Process proved that all woods subjected to it were stronger and more elastic than those seasoned by the usual methods. Mr Lovell, Her Majesty's Inspector of Small Arms, thus testifies to the superiority of this process in seasoning wood for ordnance purposes: 'It would be tedious to go into the detail of all the other tests that this process has been put to; it may suffice to say, that after every possible trial, all my doubts have been removed by the only safe guide—that of experience. The wood is better seasoned than when dried in the open air: first, because the albumen being dried into the pores and capillary tubes, the fibre is stronger, and less liable to absorb moisture; second, the wood is stronger, tougher, and of course more capable of withstanding the effects of violent vibration (as in firearms), from the lateral adhesion of the fibre being better preserved; third, it works more smooth and waxy under the chisel, and has less tendency to spall and crumble away, which is the great fault of steam-dried timber.' In consequence of the complete success of the experiments before named, the Board of Ordnance have used the process for some time extensively, and with great advantage to the service.

We have to acknowledge some obligations to the Desiccating Process, in respect of our own peculiar manufacture. Dryness in literature is apt to appear at first sight as a somewhat questionable recommendation; but, setting aside the joke, it is of no small consequence to printed sheets that they should be quickly and thoroughly freed from the moisture which they always bear on their issue from the press. Forty-eight hours of suspension over poles along the ceiling of the office used to be the plan resorted to. In these days, this is an insufferably long time to give to such a process. Besides, the arrangement is attended by some degree of danger. An improved plan is to suspend the sheets in a room devoted to the purpose, heated by steam-tubes. We have passed through these plans, and at length found entire satisfaction in the Patent Desiccating Process of Messrs Davison and Symington, which despatches in the drying of sheets *effectually* in twenty-four hours.

NOTES FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

WALK TO DE WYK—VILLAGE PUBLIC-HOUSE—ITS INMATES AND INCIDENTS—WALK TO OMMERSCHANS.

WHILE pacing along to Meppel, I made up my mind at all events to visit Ommerschans; instead, therefore, of halting on reaching the town about sunset, I left the main thoroughfare for a by-road, which, as usual, formed the towing-path of a canal. With the aid of a countryman going in the same direction, I passed for several miles through by-ways, and soon after dusk arrived at De Wyk. Almost the first house in the village was a *herbergje*; but there being no room, I went farther, and presently came to another—one of the long low edifices which appear to be peculiar to rural districts in the northern provinces, the same roof sheltering quadrupeds and bipeds. On opening the door, I found myself in a large kitchen, dimly lighted by a single candle standing on a table, round which sat a dozen rustics finishing their supper. Each one laid down his spoon, and stared at me vigorously, and for some time my question—'Kan ik hier overnachten?' ('Can I pass the night here?') remained unanswered: sundry ejaculations alone were uttered. By and by, both a mistress and maid appeared to minister to my needs, and tea and eggs were quickly in preparation. Meanwhile, the men at the table were

making me the subject of discussion among themselves, and eyeing me with curious looks. At length one of them asked me whence I came, and why I was there; which queries were answered to their satisfaction, when another rejoined:

'And so mynheer comes from Fredericksoord, and is going to Ommerschans?'—an observation which elicited a grunt of approval from the whole company.

'But how does mynheer find his way?' inquired the first speaker.

'That is not very difficult. With a map in his pocket, and a tongue in his head, a man may go all over the world.'

'Ja, that is good; but it is not easy sometimes to know which turning to take. What does mynheer do then?'

'I generally get to know the direction of the place I want to go to before starting, and then steer my way by the sun or wind; and seldom fail to arrive, as you may see by my being here.'

This explanation sufficed them for a time as a topic for further discussion, and left me free to attend to my personal wants, which were in the imperative mood. Before long, however, one of them began again by asking, 'What has mynheer to sell?'

'Nothing: my knapsack contains only articles for my own use.' Here a brief confabulation followed, and I began to fancy the Dutchmen not less expert in gathering information than the New Englanders, when the question came—

'Mynheer travels, then, for his own pleasure?'

'Why not?'

'Ah, mynheer says why not; but when one travels for pleasure, he must have so much money in hand;' and as he said this the speaker tapped significantly the palm of one of his hands with the fingers of the other.

Whether it was that they voted such journeyings an unwholesome extravagance, or that their ideas were all exhausted, the group said no more; and shortly afterwards kicking off their stained and clumsy sabots, they retired, without any further process of undressing, to their sleeping-lairs. Some crept into a loft, others into beds contrived as berths in a ship, in recesses in the walls of the kitchen, two into each; and before I had finished my tea, a concert of snores was going on, where the bass certainly had the best of it.

I have often found that a fatiguing walk on a hot day takes away all relish for ordinary food: the appetite seems to demand some novelty—and it was with no small pleasure that I accepted the landlady's offer to add a plate of *framboose* (raspberries) to my repast; their cool and agreeable flavour rendered them even more refreshing than the tea.

In the intervals of talking and eating I had taken a survey of the apartment, as far as it was illuminated by the solitary candle: it was one that carried you back a century or two. The large hearth projected several feet into the room, overhung by a canopy near the ceiling of equal dimensions; and the top and back being lined with glazed white, blue, and brown tiles, glistened as the light fell upon them from the turf fire, and presented a cheerful aspect. A wooden screen fixed at one side kept off draughts of air, and formed a snug corner for cold evenings. The tables and chairs had been fabricated in the days when timber was cheap, and strength was more considered than elegance. They had little to fear from contact with the uneven paved floor. A goodly array of bright polished cooking utensils hung upon the walls, and in racks overhead a store of bacon and salt provisions, and bags and bundles of dried herbs. Although rude in

its appointments, and coarse in its accommodations, the dwelling betrayed no marks of poverty: it was perhaps up to the standard of the neighbourhood, and in accordance with the thrift that considers saving better than spending. The greatest discomfort—to me at least—was the close overpowering smell of cattle which pervaded the whole place, and made you long for an inspiration of purer air. From my seat I could see into an adjoining apartment, similar, but better in character, to the one described: this was to be my *slaap-kamer*. I requested to have the window left partly open all night, and immediately a look of suspicion came over the old woman's face as she answered: 'Neen, mynheer, neen; best not to have the window open; thieves will come in.'

'Surely,' I replied, 'there are no thieves in this little village?'

'Ah, but there were some thieves at Meppel last week.'

The landlady's apprehensions seemed so painful to her, that I ceased to press the question, and followed her into the room, where she assured me I should find the air sufficiently respirable, and bade me *goede nacht*.

In this room there were several wall-recesses, as in the other, but cleaner and better fitted up. A bedstead at one corner, behind a narrow screen extending a few feet from the door, was intended for me; the sheets and coverlets, though coarse, were clean. Three wardrobes or presses stood against the walls, so richly dark and antique in appearance, and of such tasteful workmanship, that you at once knew the date to be assigned to their manufacture, probably about the time that the Prince of Orange fell beneath Geraart's pistol-shot; at all events when, instead of working by contract, artificers interused a portion of their own spirit into the productions of their skill. The chairs, by their dimensions, had been clearly intended for the past generations, who wore the broad skirts at which we so often smile in prints of old costumes. The projection of the larger articles of furniture produced sundry picturesque effects of light and shade, relieved and diversified by the rows of polished pewter dishes ranged on racks against the wall alternately with dishes of rare old china, that would have gladdened the eyes of a virtuoso. There were rows of spoons also of shining solid pewter, all betokening resources of substantial comfort, and assisting to give effect to a picture which fully occupied my attention while undressing.

The hostess, when she went out, had not closed the door; this I cared little about, as it afforded some facility for circulation of air; but her remark touching the thieves made me take the precaution to place my watch and purse under the pillow, leaving such loose florins as were in my pocket for any prowler who might think it worth while to pay me a visit, that, finding some booty, he might there cease his search for more. I left the candle burning on the table, and soon afterwards the girl came in and wished me a *goede nacht* as she carried it away.

Presently all became still in the house, and as weariness softens the hardest bed, I was soon asleep, notwithstanding the annoyance from certain insects, which were neither bugs nor fleas, that came crawling over me. I had lain thus in quiet repose perhaps for two or three hours, when I was disturbed by a light shining in the room, and half-raising my eyelids, I saw a tall figure clothed in white, holding a candle in its hand, and gazing stealthily at me from behind the screen at the foot of the bed. I did not start up or cry out, for a sufficient reason—I was too drowsy. The figure withdrew, the room again became dark; I turned round, and slept soundly until morning.

I was up soon after five, being desirous to recommence my walk before the heat came on, and, it need scarcely be said, found all my property as I had left it. The old presses looked not less imposing than in the

faintly-illuminated gloom some hours previously; and I could see in the daylight several articles which had then escaped my notice. Among them was the *grootte bijbel*, a portly folio in black letter, and in good condition. How many suffering hearts had found support and consolation in those ancient pages! When I went into the next room, the labourers had taken their breakfast, and gone to their work, and the old lady sat near the window mending stockings. She saluted me by inquiring if I had *vel geslaapt*, and what I would take for breakfast. I chose raspberries with milk and bread, and highly enjoyed the fresh-gathered fruit that looked so tempting, coated with its early bloom. It was the most acceptable breakfast of any which I ate in Holland. The hostess chatted on various topics: in one of my replies, I chanced to mention the large Bible which I had seen in the other room—'Ah,' she said, 'it is the best of books: what should we do without it?' I then told her that a little Bible was part of the contents of my knapsack, and on hearing this her manner at once changed; the suspicion disappeared, and the benevolent demeanour resumed its place. My request of the night before concerning the window had made her very anxious; she had, it seemed, been led to regard me as a suspicious character—as one likely to let in a confederate, or to decamp myself surreptitiously. From this I at once understood it was she who, clad in white, and holding a candle, had come into my room during the night; perhaps to see whether her guest were lying still, as an honest traveller ought. We became, however, very excellent friends, and I regretted not having time to stay two or three days, to get a little farther insight into village life, and the pursuits and resources of its inhabitants: but that could not be. I was somewhat surprised on asking '*Hoe veel betalen?*' (How much to pay?) at the cheapness of my lodging and entertainment: the charge was only eighteen stivers. I handed a florin to the old lady, with an intimation that the two stivers' change might go to the maid for her alacrity in raspberry plucking, on which she replied, '*Dank voor haar*,' with much emphasis. Then holding out her hand, after assisting to place my knapsack in position, she bade me good-by, with many wishes for a prosperous journey.

It was a pleasant morning, with a bright sky and a hot sun, and a feeling of exhilaration came over me as I left the close sickening smell of the house for the free and fresh air outside. The aspect of the country was again different from that which I had already traversed. Willows, so plentiful in the southern provinces, are rare on the dry heath-lands of the north, while small plantations, and woods of birch, beech, and oak, are frequently met with. At times the route led along narrow winding lanes, between tangled hedges and overhanging trees, where the shade and coolness made you feel the contrast the greater on emerging upon the unsheltered and unfenced fields. Before long, I came to another village, where the houses were built at random around a real village green, such as you may see in some parts of Berkshire or Hampshire, with tall umbrageous trees springing from the soft turf, and old folk lounging, and children playing in their shadow. The post, which visits the towns of Holland every day throughout the year, comes to such villages as this two or three times a week, and thus keeps up its communications with the great social world around. In another particular they are well provided for—the means of instruction. Here at one end of the green stood the schoolhouse, built of brick, well lighted, and in good condition, decidedly the best building in the place. Indeed I do not remember to have seen a shabby schoolhouse in Holland. It was too early to see the scholars at their duties, but I looked in at the windows, and saw that the interior was perfectly clean and well-ordered; fitted with desks, closets, and shelves, with piles of books placed ready for use on the latter,

and maps hanging on the walls. How I wished for a six months' holiday, to be able to linger at will among these out-of-the-world communities, or wherever anything more particularly engaged my attention! Something to inform the mind or instruct the heart is to be given or received wherever there are human beings. Soon after passing the village, the road terminated suddenly on a part of the wild heath, where the sand for nearly a mile on all sides lay bare, gleaming palely in the sun, and no sign of a track visible in any direction. For a few minutes I stood completely at fault, but at last bent my steps towards some scattered trees in the distance. The deserts of Africa can hardly be more dreary or trying to the wayfarer than that mile of sand was to me. On reaching the trees, I again found a lane leading through cultivated grounds; now a patch of grass, then barley, or wheat, or potatoes, or buckwheat—the delicate blossoms of the latter scenting the whole atmosphere, and alive with 'innumerable bees.' While standing still to listen to their labour-inspired hum, I heard the cuckoo telling his cheerful name to the neighbourhood, although past the middle of July. Then followed homely farms, standing a little off the road, the homestead surrounded by rows of trees, somewhat after the fashion of Normandy; and in one corner of the enclosure the never-failing structure—four tall poles, erected in a parallelogram, with a square thatched roof fitted upon them, sloping down on each side from a central point. The poles pass through the corners of this roof, which thus can be made to slide up and down, according as the produce stored beneath it is increased or diminished. Such a contrivance would perhaps be useful to small farmers in England, when straitened for room in their barns. Now and then I caught glimpses of haymakers working far off on a meadow patch, and more than once the signs of tillage disappeared, and there was the broad black heath under my feet, and stretching away to the horizon, here and there intersected by a series of drains, cut smooth and deep in the sandy soil, enclosing some acres of the barren expanse—the preliminaries of cultivation. Then would come a mile or so of woodland, with the thinnings and loppings of the trees cut into lengths, and piled in stacks ready for the market, as I had seen on the wharfs at Rotterdam, where firewood sells at eleven cents the bundle. A party of woodcutters, with their wives and children, were encamped at the entrance of a cross-road, disturbing the general stillness by the sound of their voices and implements. The men and women were alike tall and stout—remarkable specimens of the well-developed population of the province, and reminding you of the peasantry in Westmoreland. The stacks which they had set up were so long and high as to resemble a street with little alleys between, where the children played while their fathers chopped and sawed, and their mothers tied the bundles, or tended the fire over which the round pot swung with the breakfast. They called out a friendly 'Good-day, mynheer,' as I passed.

As the day advanced, it became oppressively hot: not a drop of drinkable water was anywhere to be seen. I went to a cottage near the road to ask for a draught, when a pitcherful was given to me that looked like pale coffee, and was vapid and unrefreshing. The occupants of the cottage told me that they were always obliged to strain it before drinking, to free it from the fibres of turf held in suspension. These people, their child, and their house, were positively dirty, and looked comfortless: the pigs lay in one corner of the kitchen, and the domestic utensils stood about in apparently habitual disorder. They, however, were kind in their manner, and wished me to sit down for a time and rest.

Besides these and the woodcutters I scarcely met a soul during the walk, which lasted nearly four hours, by which time I came to the outskirts of Ommereschans.

I went into the tavern that stood at the extremity of the long straight road leading through the centre of the colony, where, after half-an-hour's rest, ten minutes' sleep, and a cup of tea, I felt able to go and present myself to the director.

'CORRECT THYSELF!'

FROM THE FRENCH.

SOME years ago, there lived in the neighbourhood of Paris a retired military officer of high rank and large fortune. Possessed of many valuable qualities—brave, just, and honourable, there were two sad drawbacks to his character—he was violent-tempered and avaricious. He married a beautiful and gentle girl, whom he fondly loved, but who, nevertheless, often sought her chamber, weeping bitterly at the harsh and unjust reproaches which her husband heaped on her when the merest trifle had excited his ungoverned temper. Often, indeed, she felt terrified lest his violence should be more than verbal; and although his fits of rage were regularly followed by penitent apologies, she trembled at the thought that he might some day forget himself so far as to strike her.

It was very sad to see the happiness of a union formed under the most promising auspices thus destroyed by brutal and unmeaning fits of rage, which each day became more frequent. It required all the young wife's tenderness and fidelity to sustain her beneath the constant grief and terror which she felt. One day when the husband, in the presence of several visitors, had given way to a more than usually outrageous explosion of temper, he retired to his own apartment, whither he was followed by one of his friends—a true friend, who never shrank from administering a faithful reproof. Without regarding the officer's anger, the dying embers of which still glowed fiercely, this friend earnestly and severely lectured him for his unkind and unjust conduct. The culprit listened with a gloomy air, and then replied: 'Your reproaches are perfectly just: I condemn my own conduct far more strongly than you can do, and I make many resolutions of amendment, but without avail. My unhappy temper is too strong for me; and constantly in a few hours after the bitterest repentance, I find myself again breaking out. 'Tis terrible!'

'It is, indeed, very terrible!'

'I have need of a strong lesson, and I shall give myself one.' So saying, he took several turns up and down the room, pacing with a determined step, his eyes bent on the ground, and his lips firmly closed. Evidently some strong internal conflict was going on. Suddenly he stopped, opened a casket which lay in his scrutoire, and took from it a bank-note of a thousand francs. His friend watched him with curiosity, not knowing what he was about to do. He twisted the bank-note, applied one end of it to a lighted taper, and then throwing it on the hearthstone, watched until the curling flame had quite devoured the light and precious paper.

His friend, amazed at an action which would seem strange for any one, but especially for one whose parsimony was notorious, ran to him, and caught his arm.

'Let me alone!' said the officer in a hoarse voice.

'Are you mad?'

'No.'

'Do you know what you have done?'

'I do: I have punished myself.' Then when no trace of the note remained, save a little light dust, the hero, for so we may call him, added firmly: 'I solemnly vow that, whenever I lose my temper, I will inflict punishment on my love of money.'

'I admire your conduct, and approve of your sacrifice,' said his friend.

The promise was faithfully kept. From that time

the avaricious man paid for the faults of the ill-tempered husband.

After every outbreak, he appeared before his own tribunal, and submitted to its self-imposed penalty. The condemned culprit then opened his casket, and, pale and trembling with suppressed agitation, took out a note and burned it. The expiation was always in proportion to the crime: there was a regular scale of penalties, varying, according to the nature of the offence, from 100 to 1000 francs.

A few of these chastisements had the happiest effect on both the defective phases of our hero's character. By degrees he became not only mild and good-tempered, but generous, and ready to dispense his treasures in ways which, if more agreeable to his friends, could not, however, be esteemed more useful to himself than the notes which he had bravely consigned to the flames.

THE TEMPEST PROGNOSTICATOR.

That leeches are sensitive to the approach of thunderstorms is well known. Cowper the poet gives an interesting account of a leech which he kept as a barometer, in a letter to Lady Hesketh, Nov. 10, 1787:—'Yesterday,' he says, 'it thundered, last night it lightened, and at three this morning, I saw the sky red as a city in flames could have made it. I have a leech in a bottle which foretells all these prodigies and convulsions of nature. Not, as you will naturally conjecture, by articulate utterance of oracular notices, but by a variety of gesticulations, which here I have not room to give an account of. Suffice to say, that no change of weather surprises him, and that in point of early and accurate intelligence he is worth all the barometers in the world. None of them all, indeed, can make the least pretence to foretell thunder—a species of capacity of which he has given the most unequivocal evidence. I gave but sixpence for him.' Dr Merryweather of Whitby in Yorkshire has constructed what he calls a Tempest Prognosticator, with leeches for the basis of the plan. He arranges a frame of twelve bottles, each containing a leech, and each having an open tube at the top. From a piece of whalebone in the opening of each bottle proceeds a brass chain, communicating with a bell hung in the top of the apparatus. Accordingly, when a tempest is approaching, the leeches rise in the bottles, displace the whalebone, and cause the bell to ring. Hitherto, after a year's experience, it is found that no storm escapes notice from the leeches. Dr Merryweather has also satisfied himself that it is the electric state of the atmosphere, and not the occurrence of thunder within human hearing, which affects the leeches. After this the Snail Telegraph looks not quite so outrageous an absurdity.

NEW FISHES.

Professor Agassiz gives an account of two new fishes obtained by him at Lake Superior, which he regards as types of two new genera. The first is an entirely new type in the class of fishes. It is a small fish, five or six inches long, which in some respects resembles several families, but is most like the Percoids, though distinct from them. Fossil species with similar characters are found in the cretaceous formation. This is the second, Professor Agassiz remarked, of the 'old-fashioned' fishes, so to speak, corresponding in their structure to a fossil species, which has been observed in this country. The other fish is the only living representative of a large family of fossil species. The existence of these two species has undoubtedly reference to the fact, that America is the oldest extensive continent which has been upheaved above the level of the sea. In New Holland, two genera exist bearing similar relations to older families—a fish and a shell—which have their analogues among the oolitic deposits.—*Proc. Boston Nat. Hist. Society.*

A NEW JEREMIAH.

A survey of the fate of all the great empires of antiquity, and a consideration of the close resemblance which

the vices and passions by which they were distinguished at the commencement of their decline bear to those by which we are agitated, leads (?) to the melancholy conclusion, that we are fast approaching, if we have not already attained, the utmost limit of our greatness; and that a long decay is destined to precede the fall of the British Empire. During that period our population will remain stationary or recede; our courage will, perhaps, abate; our wealth will certainly diminish; our ascendancy will disappear; and at length the Queen of the Waves will sink into an eternal, though not forgotten slumber. It is more likely than that these islands will ever contain human beings for whom sustenance cannot be contained; that its fields will return, in the revolutions of society, to their pristine desolation, and the forest resume its wonted domain, and savage animals regain their long-lost habitations; that a few fishermen will spread their nets on the ruins of Plymouth, and the beaver construct his little dwelling under the arches of Waterloo Bridge; the towers of York arise in dark magnificence amid an aged forest, and the red deer sport in savage independence round the Athenian pillars of the Scottish metropolis.—*Johnston's England as It Is.*

THE FLOWERS OF GOD.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

'Consider the lilies of the field.'

The welcome flowers are blossoming,
In joyous troops reveal'd;
They lift their dewy buds and bells
In garden, mead, and field;
They lurk in every sunless path
Where forest children tread;
They dot, like stars, the sacred turf
Which lies above the dead.

They sport with every playful wind
That stirs the blooming trees,
And laugh on every fragrant bush,
All full of toiling bees.
From the green marge of lake and stream,
Fresh vale and mountain sod,
They look in gentle glory forth—
The pure sweet flowers of God.

They come, with genial airs and skies,
In summer's golden prime,
And to the stricken world give back
Lost Eden's blissful clime.
Outshining Solomon they come,
And go full soon away,
But yet, like him, they meekly breathe
True wisdom while they stay.

'If God,' they whisper, 'smiles on us,
And bids us bloom and shine,
Does He not mark, oh faithless man!
Each wish and want of thine?
Think, too, what joys await in Heaven
The blest of human birth,
When rapture, such as woos thee now,
Can reach the bad on earth!'

Redeemer of a fallen race!
Most merciful of kings!
Thy hallowed words have clothed with power
Those frail and beautiful things.
All taught by Thee, they yearly speak
Their message of deep love,
Bidding us fix, for life and death,
Our hearts and hopes above.

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